

## **Love Me (If That's What You Wanna Do) by dianawritesfic**

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Pining Richie Tozier

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**Summary:**

It was hard to say who exactly started it. After all, both of them were slightly tipsy the night The Kiss happened. All Richie could say—as his hand slowly slid down Eddie’s back, causing him to let out a faint whimper—was that he was very happy with the outcome of it all.

## Love Me (If That's What You Wanna Do)

### Author's Note:

- For [mseg\\_21](#).

They fell onto Richie's bed together, legs tangled as they kissed each other hungrily. It had been a month since they'd begun doing this. A tentative kiss turned into making out for hours turned into experimental roaming of hands. It was hard to say who exactly started it. After all, both of them were slightly tipsy the night The Kiss happened. All Richie could say—as his hand slowly slid down Eddie's back, causing him to let out a faint whimper—was that he was very happy with the outcome of it all.

If he had to complain about anything, it would be the fact that they hadn't gone all the way yet. Sure, they'd exchanged hand jobs, and Richie even convinced Eddie to let him give him a blow job, but nothing else beyond that had happened. They hadn't even *talked* about any of it. That was the thing with them, though, they were all action and no talk. Thinking about it, Richie decided that maybe his one complaint wasn't the lack of sex, but actually that he didn't even know *what* they were.

Richie had been in love with Eddie for almost all of his life. He had been his first love, his only love. Finally being able to do things like this with Eddie was more than enough. It *should* be more than enough. That was fine with him, really it was. Despite his desire to define their relationship, there was no way he was going to ruin this whole thing with Eddie over *feelings* . Not after finally getting Eddie to notice him after years of pining.

Richie grunted as Eddie positioned himself on top of him, legs on either side of him as Richie groped his ass. This was more than

enough to bring him out of his thoughts. Why worry about something like feelings when he had an eager Eddie straddling him, demanding his full attention? He smiled when he felt Eddie's hands come up to cup his cheeks, turning ardent kisses into gentle pecks.

As they continued to kiss, Richie began to unbutton Eddie's pants, fingers grazing over the soft fabric of his now exposed underwear. He paused for just a couple seconds, giving Eddie enough time to object to what he was about to do. When Eddie ground down against him, making both of them moan, he knew it was safe to continue.

Richie dipped his hand inside, his cold hand making contact with Eddie's warm flesh. Eddie shivered as he moved one hand to grip onto Richie's shoulder as if trying to keep himself from falling. There wasn't much he could do with Eddie's restricting pants in the way, so he conformed himself with stroking Eddie slowly for now.

"Richie, **tell me what you want.** " Eddie said in between kisses and moans, making Richie's heart beat faster in anticipation.

" **Are you sure?** " Richie asked, freeing his lips from Eddie's and pushing himself back slightly. "**Once we start, I might not be able to stop.** "

Eddie sighed as he began to chew on his bottom lip, a sign that Richie knew meant something was bothering him. Richie's eyebrows furrowed in confusion as he made eye contact with Eddie and abruptly stopped stroking him. He could feel his heart sink as he watched Eddie struggle to say what was on his mind, realizing what this was all about. This was it. This was the moment Eddie would tell him that he didn't want to do this, whatever *this* was, with Richie anymore.

“You aren’t talking about sex...are you Eds?” Richie laughed nervously as he began to run a hand through his mussed up hair.

Eddie rolled his eyes, shaking his head as he sighed again. “No Rich, I want to know what you want. Between us.”

Despite the desire to look away and to make a stupid joke like he always did, Richie refused to break eye contact with Eddie. What he said would determine everything between them. Sure, he wanted to define their relationship, wanted to be able to call Eddie his boyfriend. But having Eddie ask him first was terrifying. What if Eddie didn’t want a relationship with him? What if all he wanted with him was casual sex? It was one thing to continue on messing around and not talking, where he could make himself believe that Eddie had feelings for him too, and a completely different thing to actually hear Eddie tell him that he wanted to continue with no strings attached. Richie wasn’t sure he could do that. Not with Eddie. Not with all the overwhelming feelings he had for his best friend.

“Eds, I...” Richie began, unsure of how to finish. He could tell Eddie was beginning to get anxious, he needed to say something. As he sighed, he thought ‘fuck it’ and moved forward to rest his forehead on Eddie’s shoulder. “I love you, Eddie. I want us to be together. That’s what I want.”

He reached up with one hand to grab onto Eddie’s shirt, scared that he would leave if he let go. Richie began to ramble now, unable to stop all of his feelings from escaping now that Eddie had given him an opportunity to release them.

“I don’t want to be fuck buddies or do that thing where we have sex once just to see what it’s like and then never talk about it again. I want you, Eds, not just physically but emotionally too. I know maybe that’s not what you wanted to hear, but—” He began to sob as he felt Eddie’s hand lift up to stroke his hair, grateful for the reassuring contact even if he still wasn’t sure how Eddie felt. “I don’t want to lose you Eds. So, please...don’t hate me for catching feelings for my best friend like an idiot.”

Eddie began to chuckle, the vibration startling Richie a little. Was he laughing because Richie was an idiot? He wasn’t sure if he wanted to find out, but it was inevitable as Eddie began to speak, “Richie, you *are* an idiot, but not for catching feelings.” He laughed again, and despite how tense Richie felt at the conversation, he couldn’t help but melt a little at the sound. “I love you too, you idiot. I wasn’t trying to freak you out by asking you what you wanted. I...I just didn’t think I could go any further if this was all just temporary.”

Richie sat up quickly, surprising Eddie as he grabbed onto his shoulders. Richie shook him lightly, an excited look on his face. “Are you serious? You want...You want...wait, no, I’ve gotta do this right.”

Eddie gave him a confused look as he scrambled to get up and off the bed. He knelt on the floor, scooting up as he made a grab for Eddie’s hands.

“What are—”

“Shhh, Eds, hold on. I’m trying to do something.”

“What, propose?” Eddie laughed as he squeezed Richie’s hands. “Why the fuck are you—”

“Eddie!” Richie whined, successfully shutting him up. He smiled up at Eddie as he took in a deep breath. He wasn’t sure why he was so fucking nervous, he knew how Eddie felt now. There was no reason to be nervous about anything. “Will you be my boyfriend, Eds?”

Richie looked at him hopefully, waiting for Eddie’s answer. Eddie smiled warmly at him as he pulled Richie up again and into his arms, hugging him tightly.

“Yes, of course I will.” Eddie slid his hands down, sliding them under Richie’s shirt. Richie could feel Eddie’s grin as he began to inch his shirt up slowly, making Richie chuckle. “Can we continue where we left off now?”

### **Author's Note:**

this was supposed to be a smut prompt but it got away from me and turned into them talking about their feelings instead lmao oops sorry monse!

leave me a comment if you liked it! you can find me on tumblr @stanleuyris :')